HOW EASY IT IS.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless words of a cherished friend,
The selfish work of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day
By the force of a thought we did not check!
Little by little we mold the clay,
And little flaws may the vessel wreck.
The careless waste of a white-winged hour,
That held the blessing we long had sought,
The sudden loss of wealth and power—
And lo! the day is with ill inwrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life!—
And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In home light darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toil that robs the form of its grace,
And undermines till health gives way;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain,
Some good should come as the hours go by;
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high.
And life is too short to spoil like this,
If only a prelude, it may be sweet;
Let us bind together its thread of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet.
—Watchman.

HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY ADELINE KNAPP.

Gray shadows were creeping over the sand dunes beyond Pacific Heights. Only here and there a lanceolate beam touched the hills, from the crimson ball going out to sea through the golden gate. There was a scent of lilies in the air, mingling with the more wonted perfume of February roses. The hum of the city sounded far away, and the song of a meadow lark could be heard from a treetop.

The door of the house stood open, revealing a broad hall. There was a suggestion, in the dim light, of waving ferns and the silvery gleam of a fountain, in the conservatory at one side. From the doorjamb there swayed in the breeze long ends of soft, snowy ribbon, holding in place a cluster of white roses.

In the center of a stately apartment that opened upon the hall stood a tiny white casket on slender pillars. Two candles burned at its head. By a window a man sat gazing with unseeing eyes, in the creeping shadows of the trees. A woman lay in a crushed heap among the pillows of a divan. Neither had moved for a long time. The little form in the white casket had been their all. Now it lay scarcely stiller than they.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of a woman's voice, high-pitched and clear.

"Willy! Willy! oh, Willy!" it cried. A friend within the house hastened to the door. Along a pathway through the shrubbery a handsomely-dressed woman appeared. "Oh!" she exclaimed, advancing; "have you seen a little boy about four years old? My little boy is lost! Some one said they saw him come in here. I cannot find him; and I am afraid he has fallen somewhere in the sand dunes."

"Have you notified the police?"

"Long ago. They are all on the lookout for him. But he may be buried in the sand. We have been searching for hours. Oh, I have lost two little ones through death, but I never felt as I do this moment!"

The mother's heart wailed forth behind the cultured woman's enforced composure.

The woman who had been lying among the cushions came through the hall to the door.

"What is it?" she asked.

The friend put her arm about her and would have drawn her back; but the stranger spoke.

"My little boy is lost," she said, excitedly. "He is only four years old. We are afraid he is among the sand dunes."

"Oh!" cried the younger woman, "I am so sorry! Is there nothing we can do? Cannot we help you look for him? The poor little fellow! Think of him all alone in the dunes! How did it happen?" And she put her hand in the stranger's for sympathy.

The latter was full of her story of coming home from a round of calls to find the child missing and the other children seeking him. Even as she spoke, voices could be heard calling from the sand dunes: "Willy! Willy! oh, Willy!"

"I must go," cried the mother. "Oh, my heart is breaking! Willy! Willy! Where can he be?"

As she turned a passing zephyr blew the white ribbon on the doorpost straight out across her cheek. She started back, dismayed.

"Why," she cried, "you have a dead child in this house!"

"Yes," said the other mother; "my only child, a little boy just four years old, died this morning."

Tears came into the stranger's eyes. "Oh," she cried, "do forgive me! I am so sorry. I did not know. Dear heart! to think I should have troubled you. I, too, have lost two children by death; but this is more terrible. My little boy! You see, I do not know where he is."

"I know," the other said, calmly. "You must let us do what we can for you. Oh, I am sure you will find him. Let me go with you. We will search together. Not to know where your baby is! Ah, what trouble there is in the world!"

She seized a wrap, and the two women went down the walk together. At the corner they were met by a boy of perhaps a dozen years.

"Some children say they met a little boy like yourn goin' down toward North Beach," he said.

They hurried down the hilly street.

"Have you seen anything of a little boy, about four years old, playing about here?" asked Willy's mother of a homeward-bound laborer. "My little boy is lost."

"Shure, mem, now, that's very bad, an' I'm sorry," the man said, halting; "mebby he'd be at th' p'lice station?"

"No, I've telephoned all the stations. Some one thought they saw him down here. What shall I do?"

The face of the big, rough man worked sympathetically.

"I'll kape me eyes open ez I go along home, mem," he said; "an' mebby I'll see th' little feller. Tut, now! What if 'twore me own little Tim? He's just four years old, the rascal, an' 'twad kill 'iz mother, shure. Ah, but it's wearyin' an' comfortin to th' heart, mem, the childhren bez."

The way grew more squalid as they kept on toward the Beach. On a doorstep a young woman sat holding a little child, and looking anxiously down the street.

"Have you seen a little boy?" the older mother began, and again the sad little tale was told.

"No," said the other woman; "but I hope you'll find him, lady. I know how you feel. Me heart's sore over me own little Joey, here, and me man away looking for worruk. The baby is that sick! an' Jim, me other lad, he's gone for medicine. I don't know what's keeping him."

"Let me see the baby;" and the mother, whose little one lay dead at home reached out her jeweled hands. The child was placed in her arms.

"Why, he is very ill indeed!" she exclaimed. The little one's face was livid. The baby's fingers were clutched over each tiny thumb, and the tiny body shivered convulsively.

Willy's mother eyed the little form knowingly. "The child should be put into a warm bath at once," she said.

The three women entered the house and busied themselves over the sick baby. She whose child was lost found a battered kettle and put water to heat over the single-burner lamp. The other one undressed the little form, while the wee sufferer's mother stood wringing her hands in helpless pain.

They worked rapidly, tenderly; but it was nearly an hour before the terrible convulsions were over and the baby was resting on the bed.

"God bless you, ladies!" the poor woman cried, as she saw relief creeping over the drawn face; "you have saved my baby's life!"

"But oh, my own little boy!" and the other mother hastened to the door. "It is quite dark and I do not know where he is."

"Sure, lady, the good God will never let your baby be lost!" but the two strangers were gone.

"Oh, where will he sleep to-night?" murmured Willy's mother. "Your boy is safe with God, but where, where is mine?"

Up the street an older boy came tearing. "Mamma! Mamma!" he cried, while yet afar off; "a policeman's found Willy and taken him home!"

"Oh, thank God!"said she whose child was with the All-Father—"thank God!" but the other could not speak.

It was a triumphal progress back to the more aristocratic quarter.

"They've found yer bebby, ma'am," a street urchin cried, who was calling papers on the street corner. A Mexican tamale vender volunteered the same information in broken English, and in the next block a woman threw open a window and leaned forward.

"A policeman took your little boy home, madam!" she called, joyfully.

Near home a gleeful band of children met them.

"He's found—he's found!" and the chorus rang throughout the neighborhood.

The two mothers kissed tenderly and parted. As the younger one turned to enter her childless home her eyes were swimming with the first tears she had shed that day; but they were tears of thankfulness.

On the doorstep of the other nome a man stood, holding a child in his arms.

"We've got him," he called, quickly, as he bent to kiss his wife; and then his arms closed tightly around them both.

"O, Willy!" he said, "how could you frighten us so? Why did you do it?"

The curly head was raised and the blue eyes opened in surprise.

"Why, papa," said the little voice, "Mary said they wuzzent any or'nges for dinner, an' I went out to buy some!"
—N. Y. Independent.

Flashlights.

Advice is one of the unpleasant smaller vices that the truly good forget to condemn.

Don't persist in error—after you're found out; and don't be found out if you can avoid it by persisting in it.

Paste this in your hat: The easiest way to become immortal is to be the first to say what is self-evident.

The average man feels complimented when you call him bad in a laughing sort of a way.

In taking the chances, first look out that they are not against you.

A lightning calculator—the weather prophet.

A man is known by the umbrella he keeps.

Money talks occasionally, but there are times when it is deaf and dumb.—The Jester.

Got Ahead.

A sea captain and a lawyer lived next door to each other. One very windy night the lawyer was reading a book in his study when a terrific crash upstairs startled him. Upon investigation he found that a chimney had hurled itself through his roof, doing considerable damage. He discovered it was the sea captain's chimney. Hastening down to his library, he pulled out his law books and hunted up similar cases, devising and scheming how he could secure satisfaction from the detestable captain. While thus engaged, a note arrived from his enemy that read as follows: "Sir: If you don't return those bricks at once, I will put the matter in the hands of the law."—San Francisco Argonaut.

RUBBERNECK BILL'S ADIEU.

His End the Result of the Vigilantes' Hanging Habit.

Rubberneck Bill was the terror of Pizen Creek. He was called Rubberneck because he had been informally strung up on several occasions by vigilance committees, yet had each time escaped alive with a neck somewhat elongated, but still serviceable as a conduit for tanglefoot. After he had been lynched the third time his neck was a foot long, and he began to get alarmed.

"See here, Dave," he protested, to the leader of the vigilantes the day after his third suspension. "I don't mind bein' lynched a few times. Somebody's got to be practiced on now an' then, or Pizen Creek will be gittin' dead slow, I know; but I wish you'd patronize some other cuss fer awhile. If this neck stretchin' keeps on reg'lar my beauty will be plumb spiled, fer sure."

"You better pull yer freight, Bill," the vigilante chief said, grimly. "Next time ye go up there'll be sich a charge of lead in yer carkiss that yer neck'll snap like a pipestem."

Bill did not heed the warning, and a week later he was rounded up for stealing a horse and told to say his prayers. He remembered the threat about the lead, and when he saw a dozen of the miners standing around expectantly, guns in hand, he knew that his rubber neck reliance was soon to be punctured for all time.

"If ye've got anything to say, out with it!" cried Dave.

"I have, Dave, I have!" said Rubberneck Bill. "I've got a speech of solemn warnin' to make to the young tenderfoots an' others as is yere present. Gimme a chaw of terbacker, Dave. Thanks. Now, what I was a-goin' to remark to the young men was for them to beware of habit. This yere habit is a awful thing, fer sure. Ye do a thing onct an' it ain't much, but you do it twict or three times an' you feel like you must do it agin or bust. That's habit, an' habit is a thing fer you to beware of. Habit is what has brought me to this yere necktie party. Habit—"

"Hoss stealin'," the leader of the vigilantes remarked, sententiously; "hoss stealin' habit."

"No, not hoss stealin', jest plain habit, dern ye!" shouted Rubberneck Bill. "You fellers have got into the habit of hangin' me, an' I don't suppose there's no way of makin' ye swear off, so let 'er go, Dave Barker; let 'er go!"—N. Y. Journal.

VALUE OF TIME.

Avoid Petty Economies That Cost More Than They Are Worth.

Many housewives who are extremely frugal in other things seem to have no idea of the value of time. A good deal of time is daily wasted and much extra labor expended in preparing the meals by having to wash one saucepan in which to cook a second dish that could as well have been cooked with the same fire and watched at the same time as the first. Or a towel must do duty as a strainer or colander, no account being made of the time required to wash the towel, nor of its becoming worn or stained. Or a silver spoon is used to stir or lift food for the lack of iron or wooden ones. Why not afford such kettles and pans as are really needed for advantageous cooking and "save" in some other department?

Have you ever seen some busy housewife hanging out clothes on a cold, windy day, taking off a clothespin every time a garment is added to the line, trying to make the pin hold two and sometimes three articles? When good clothespins can be bought at such low rates it seems like very unwise economy to stand on the cold and damp ground double the time really required to shake out and hang up the clothes and run the risk of taking cold while so doing.

Could any mathematician compute the number of half hours spent in a family of half a dozen children in untying hard knots in shoestrings that are too short or so worn as to require tying in more than one place and must again be untied before the little shoes can be taken off? Shoestrings cost, it may be, ten cents a dozen pairs. Could the hours which some mothers spend in one year alone in managing worn-out shoe laces in order to save a few cents not be better utilized in doing some sewing or some other work by which enough could be earned to stock the family with shoestrings for life? Beware of these extravagant economies.—Philadelphia Record.

Ambition to Do.

It is not enough that one possesses a talent. It languishes like a morning glory at noonday unless accompanied by the characteristics which develop it. The unity of purpose, ambition, courage and industry must go with the gift. Sometimes these qualities have even been made to take the place of heaven-born talent. If we wait for the opportunity it will never come. If we work for it it is already in sight, but everything then accomplished is in spite of obstacles. The phrase is a good one. Write it, if you will, in plain, large letters, and pin the slip of paper on your desk or some other place where it will constantly greet the eye and encourage the possibly flagging heart.—Detroit Free Press.

Moistening the Air.

To prevent the air in a furnace-heated room from becoming unpleasantly dry place a bowl of water on the floor near the register; if possible, just in front of it. Even if the register be closed, the water evaporates from the bowl. If you watch the bowl you perceive how much dry heat is coming up through the closed apparatus. This water bowl keeps the atmosphere much pleasanter than it would otherwise be in a room unventilated by an open fireplace, and by its use perhaps one can avoid the "dry throat" experienced by those who sit shut up in rooms heated by stove or furnace heat.—Philadelphia Record.

—Your fate is that of a woman and your wishes are those of an angel.—N. Y. Weekly

THE EARLY MOTH.

This Is the Time to Take Up Arms Against It.

Any unlighted corner that harbors a woolen garment or a fur wrap in springtime is the camping ground for an advance guard which does deadly work before the actual battle is on. House cleaning week scatters these voiceless "harbingers of spring" and puts them to rout, but it is ten chances to one that while Mary Ann is viciously slaying the white-winged enemy fluttering forth from hidden nooks and crannies she is blissfully ignorant of the fact that at that stage the moth is no longer dangerous. In silence and darkness it has deposited its eggs and left them to do their worst, and, indeed, this airy flutter through lighted rooms is after all only a sort of bravado, which leaves the same Mary Ann content to kill the only thing that is no longer a menace to her general thriftiness. As these airy travelers then begin to appear, as they will in a short time now, the thing to do is not to fly after them in mad haste and lose breath, temper and perhaps the intended victim itself in a mad desire for murder.

If moths could laugh (and who can prove that they don't?) such periodical chasing must be wondrous funny. But when the wary housemaid smiles scornfully at the fluttering bit of life before her and goes, brush in hand, toward the darkest pegs in the wardrobe, then must the early moth confess itself undone. A few vigorous shakes, a sound, sharp swish of brush or whisk, and hour's sunning in the open air, these are the deadly foes of hidden things whose work goes bravely on if they are left alone until the coming season finds the unbrushed, unshaken wrap falling to pieces in its dismayed owner's hands. Now is the proper time, then, to begin active warfare; it is a little too early to pack heavy clothing away, but it is not a day too soon to give it constant dustings, shakings and beatings; by and by camphor or tar or all other abominations may do their work, but if women only knew that a little vigilance in time makes all those ill-smelling things unnecessary there would be such a panic in mothdom as this world has not yet witnessed.—St. Louis Republic.

HOW BRIDGET WAS REFORMED.

Timely Hint from Her Mistress Delicately Given Worked Wonders.

She was a very jewel of a cook when she wasn't in a temper, and, as this inability to live peacefully with her fellows constituted her sole fault, three times had the other feminine servants been discharged for her sake. But when she began to be impertinent to the woman who employed her this patient individual decided that matters had gone far enough. She had no wish to lose such a treasure, neither did she intend to be rudely treated at her hands, so, after some careful thought, she evolved a clear plan of action. When next Bridget came upstairs for orders she found her mistress a prey to severest melancholy.

"An' what's the matther, mum?" she asked, anxiously, being the kindliest of women in her normal condition. Her mistress sighed mournfully.

"I'm rather troubled, Bridget," she said, quietly, looking anywhere but at her listener. "I'm going to have two dinner parties next week, you know, and I dread having a new cook at such times."

Bridget, sure of her desirability, and grown flushed with many triumphs, stared.

"An' why shud ye be afther havin' a new cook, mum?" she inquired, amazedly. "Ain't ye satisfied wid me?"

"Perfectly satisfied with your services, Bridget," was the still more quiet reply, "but it won't be possible for two of us to live in the same house if you are going to be impertinent to me. Now, I've discharged the other girls on your account several times of late, but I really don't think that either my husband or my sons would be willing to let me go in order to keep you. I really think they would prefer getting a new cook to losing me."

Bridget made no response, but she suddenly developed an unwonted degree of self-control, and her mistress reports that she has never again been impertinent.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The New Fabrics.

Broadcloth has never been more popular, and is worn in all shades of every color.

Mousseline de soie bodices are a pleasing feature of the velvet gowns this season, and are made in light, dainty colors, which afford a pretty contrast.

Braiding embellished with small bell-drops covered with silk, such as were worn years ago, is a novelty in trimming.

Pearl-gray grenadine with black trimming forms a pretty and unusual combination for a house or early spring street gown.

Checked wool gowns in green and black, black and white and brown and white are made with plain cloth bolero braided with black, and worn over vests of white lisse, lace or silk.—Chicago Record.

Eggs Poached in Tomatoes.

Stew slowly for ten minutes half a can of tomatoes and one small onion, cut fine. Season highly with salt and pepper. Break six eggs into a bowl without beating and when everything else is ready to serve slip them into hot tomatoes. Lift the white carefully with a fork as it cooks and then prick the yolks and let them mix with the whites and tomato. It should be quite soft, but with the red tomatoes, the white and yellow of the egg, quite distinct. Serve at once on toast.—What to Eat.

Boiled Herring.

Let six herring just simmer for 20 minutes in plenty of salt and water, then prepare the following sauce: Put half a gill of cream upon the fire in a stewpan; when it boils add eight spoonfuls of melted butter, an ounce of fresh butter, pepper, salt and the juice of half a lemon. Dress the fish upon a dish without a napkin, pour the sauce over, and serve.—Good Housekeeping.

THE OBSERVING YOUNG GIRL.

It Was All Very Remarkable Down to the Last Answer.

She was a charming young woman, and I became interested on learning she was employed in a large city laundry.

"Oh, yes," she said, in answer to my query, "there is character in clothing, and I sometimes try to picture what the owners of certain garments look like."

"Now, for instance, could you tell a reporter's shirt from some one else's?"

"Certainly; that's easy."

"How?"

"They're not of the finest material, and come to us one at a time," she replied, with roguish glance.

"I once was very much interested in a customer's wardrobe," she continued. "Of course, his name being on the garments would indicate who he was, but in this instance the name was not a prominent one, and was simply a name. I knew when he fell in love, for he was a young man. The style and make of the garments indicated the progress of the love affair. When I received an unusual number of neckties to be laundered in a week, the inference was that he and his sweetheart had been to several theaters or parties. Collars and cuffs would also tell their little stories. They had a quarrel once. How did I know? Oh, the number of articles was much less, and they also showed more wear. They said as plainly as possible that the young fellow was indifferent as to his personal appearance. I knew again when they had made it up. Collars and cuffs came by the dozens, some of them hardly soiled, just tried on and cast aside. He had become very particular about his looks again.

"I felt certain one week that he would be married soon, and sure enough he was."

"Saw the license announcement in the paper, eh?" I remarked.

"Oh, no. I watched the papers every day, but his name didn't appear. He was married in Chicago. How did I find out? Why, when his laundry came next to us there were other garments, too."

"So?"

"Yes. Shirt waists and such things. They were marked 'Nellie' and had a Chicago store mark."

"I suppose they are as happy as two doves now?"

"Three of them now," she answered.

"Three! How do you know?"

"Same way. Clothes. It's a boy and has red hair."

"Now, now. Don't josh. How can you tell whether a boy or girl?"

"Clothes marked 'Jack.'"

"And how do you know he has red hair?"

"Saw him yesterday."—St. Louis Republic.

ANSWERED THE NEEDS.

The Photographer Put Through a Brainy Scheme.

There is a photographer on the North side who not only furnishes waists and wigs for his sitters, but ideas as well. A woman went to his studio the other day with a thin, scrawny baby and wanted it photographed.

"A dozen cabinet pictures, in your best style," she said.

The photographer looked at the baby and shook his head.

"Wait until he gets well. He's too puny now."

"But I want to send them home to the old country, and I must have them at once. My friends there are expecting them."

"Have they ever seen the child?" asked the photographer.

"Never. That's why I want to send them before he's too old."

"Are they ever likely to see him?" continued the man.

"No, they ain't, but I don't see what that has got to do with his sitting for his picture."

"I've got a scheme," said the artist, as he regarded the child with a critical eye, "here's a dozen cabinets of a beautiful, plump baby, just what yours will be later on, and if you are willing you can have them at the same price and nobody will ever know the difference. They will be a credit to me as well as to you."

The mother was delighted, for, as the photographer urged, "one baby is a good deal like another," and a picture of ideal beauty was substituted—as it had often been before—for the plain original, and it is by no means likely that the distant friends will ever know any difference.—Chicago Tribune.

Cremation in England.

The report of the council of the Cremation society of England for 1896 shows that 137 cremations were carried out at Woking during the year as compared with 150 in 1895. The decrease is not important, as the figures for 1896 still show a material advance on any previous year, 1895 excepted. The following table of the cremations at Woking from the commencement of operations will show the growing popularity of the disposal of bodies by incineration: 1889, 46; 1890, 54; 1891, 99; 1892, 104; 1893, 101; 1894, 125; 1895, 150; 1896, 137. It has to be remembered that three crematoria are now open in England and Scotland, besides that belonging to the society at St. Johns, near Woking—namely, at Manchester, where 52 cremations took place during 1896; at Glasgow, where there were 11 cremations, and at Liverpool, where two cremations have been performed. — Westminster Gazette.

How Old Is She Now?

Judge—Pardon me, madam, what is your age?

Lady—Oh, let me see. When I was first married I was 18; then I lost my husband, and now more than five years have passed since I married again.—Strekosa.

—Aluminium helmets have not proved entirely successful in the German army, the saving in weight being more than offset by the metal's storing heat even to blistering the foreheads of the wearers.

HUMOROUS.

—A Necessity of State.—Grump—"I don't see the use of keeping up our costly diplomatic service." Wiggins—"My dear fellow, the government needs it to contradict newspaper dispatches by cable."—Truth.

—"De danger 'bout complimentin' er hired man," said Uncle Eben, "is dat it's liable ter git 'im ter puttin' 'is mind on de work he's done gone did, 'stead o' de work dat's waitin' ter be 'tended to."—Washington Star.

—A Doubtful Compliment.—Wife—"Well, Freddie, dear, how do you think my domino suited me?" Husband—"To perfection, my dear; never saw you look so well! In fact, you ought always to wear one!"—Punch.

—Robert—"So you were not accepted by Miss Vellum? What did she say? Did she tell you how sudden it was?" Richard—"Oh, dear, no! She's literary, you know. She merely replied that she was very sorry, but I was not available."—Boston Transcript.

—Mr. Pompous, M. P.—"You'd like to be present at a sitting of parliament? Well, my dear madam, I'll see if I can get you an order for the gallery." Mrs. Tomkins—"The gallery, indeed! The idea! If I can't go in the stalls or dress-circle, I won't go at all."—Tit-Bits.

—"Next Sunday, brethren," said Rev. Mr. Goodman, beaming benevolently upon his assembled flock, I shall preach a sermon upon the evidences of Christianity, and I sincerely hope that one of those evidences will be a full house, whether it rains or not." — Chicago Tribune.

—The Worth of Their Money. — Mr. Smythe—"I don't see any sense in hiring a professional singer, and then having him monopolize the entire afternoon, as the Hitowers did to-day!" Mrs. Smythe—"Well, Mrs. Hitower explained it to me that they didnt get him for a mere song."—Brooklyn Life.

—Mrs. Quiddle—"I wonder what has become of John! He went out early this morning, and here it is 'most dark, and I haven't heard a word from him." Mrs. Raddle—"Do you really have fears for his safety?" Mrs. Quiddle—"Oh, I guess his safety's all right; but I'm afraid he's fallen off the confounded thing and broken his leg." — Boston Transcript.

AN EXQUISITE MACHINE.

It Graduates the "Circles" of a Telescope with Rare Precision.

About two years ago a firm began the task of constructing a dividing engine for automatically dividing "circles" to be used more especially with "meridian" instruments, where precision is of supreme importance and where the most perfect engine that has been or ever can be devised and constructed will be none too good for the work.

It would require many magazine pages to give a history of all that has been done on this difficult problem since the days of Tycho Brahe; yet to-day the number of dividing engines that are sufficiently accurate for the demands of modern astronomical measurements may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The best engines have errors and the question is, how much can these errors be reduced?

As one-third of an inch subtends an angle of one second of arc at a distance of one mile, it may readily be seen how minute the measurements will be on the periphery of a circle, say, of three feet diameter. As there are 1,296,000 seconds of arc in a circle and as all seconds must theoretically have the same value it is easy to conceive the difficulties of dividing a circle in which the errors shall be less than a second of arc. Homogeneity of material, proportionate parts that will equally respond to small changes of temperature and many other factors enter into this difficult problem, aside from the final corrections of the dividing mechanism.

Every approach to perfection, be it never attained, brings greater assurance to the astronomer that his results will be commensurate with the faithful and conscientious work he puts into his measurements.

It has cost an immense amount of study and application, as well as a large sum of money, but from the present indications the experimenter has the the promise of a full reward for his labor, as already a practical test of the engine shows that it is more accurate than any heretofore constructed.—Cassier's Magazine.

Cats and Their Characteristics.

Cat stories are coming to light this year as the snow melts more rapidly than spring poems. At Kingston, Ont., a cat aroused its mistress just in time to enable her to escape from being burned to death. A Maine country cat which for years had lived in Portland when taken back to its old rural home went, as it had been used to do at milking time, to the cow shed and sat upon its haunches to await a stream of milk fresh from the cow, as its master had formerly taught it to do. At Baltimore, Md., the health board has ordered a spinster, who for years has kept great numbers of cats in her room, to get rid of them or get out. The neighbors had made complaint. The woman's landlady had not been in her lodger's room for eight years.—N. Y. Sun.

No Sacrifice.

Carrie—It makes a great deal of difference whether one be in one place or another in the matter of self-denial in the Lenton season. On land, where there is so much to occupy one's mind, one doesn't mind giving up this or the other thing; but at sea, now—

Janet—Oh, I am sure you are wrong there. On the ocean one finds no difficulty in giving up everything.—Boston Transcript.

How She Conquered.

Jawkins—I see that Boggs' wife is riding a wheel. I thought he was awfully opposed to that.

Chatterton—O, but she was opposed to his opposition!—N. Y. Truth.